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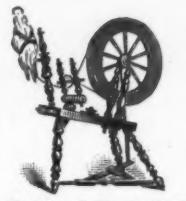
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•LIFE•



AT A CHICAGO WEDDING.

FOR THE IDENTITY OF THE LADY ON THE RIGHT, CONSULT THE RECORDS OF THE COOK COUNTY DIVORCE COURT.

The Dark Secret.

IWAS writing on space, and, therefore, gave him his full title. "Now, look here, Chief Bung y Wump Ump Fizz," I said, "I wish you would tell me just what grievances you have against the pale faces."

"Pale face from Great Father?" asked the chief.

"More than that," I replied, impressively. "I am from a great newspaper which tells the Great Father at Washington what to do."

He gazed at me stupidly.



"Newspaper; big — wide — sheet — read."

A gleam of almost human intelligence shone in his face.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "Heap large; like yellow blanket!"

How he knew I worked for such a paper, I don't know.

"Well?" I queried, continuing.

"White man sell Red man buncos, make Red man very blue."

"Really!" I exclaimed. "The agent, I presume, does that to show patriotism."

"Sell Indian gold brick," continued the chief. "Teach Indian civilization."

"And you don't want to become civilized?" I asked in a shocked tone.

"Heap like to be civilized. Much fun. No can. Bad! Bad!"

"Civilization?"

"No. Not him; fire-water."

"You refer to whiskey?"

"Yes. Heap bad whiskey."

"But now, my dear chief, I appeal to you as a man, what has the bad whiskey which the agent sells got to do with your being civilized?"

"Ugh! Pale face don't know much. No civilized man can drink whiskey pale face sells Indian!"

• LIFE •



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WE shall have to borrow time

from the consideration of the Philippines problem and our other exterior perplexities to bestow some serious thoughts upon our domestic negro question. The recent riots at Pana and Virden in Illinois, and the still more recent and calamitous outbreaks in North and South Carolina, are very grave symptoms of a dangerous state of things. It is of no use to dogmatize about it and say that the Southern negroes ought to have more sense and the Southern whites more patience. Theories and "oughts" are as futile in effect as they are easy in formulation. There are ignorant and brutal negroes in the South who need firm restraint, and there are also ignorant and arbitrary whites who need the same, but it cannot be discerned that the attitude of Southern white people towards negroes is different from what the attitude of Northern whites would be under the same conditions. Whites, North and South, seem to believe in white-man's government—in a place for negroes and in keeping negroes in their place. It is an inferior place, but, except for that, it is not necessarily seriously uncomfortable. Negroes may acquire education and accumulate property, but, apparently, they may not aspire to be the equals of white people, or to govern them. Their lives and property are secure so long as they are orderly and prudent in their conduct, provided they are lucky enough not to be mistaken in the dark for disorderly persons and not to be suspected of crime.

To all appearance, the negro question in the South will have to settle itself without much help from outside.

The Federal Government omitted to interfere the other day in Illinois, and up to the time of this writing it has not ventured to interfere in Wilmington. It has been suggested that, in time, negroes may get possession of whole counties in various Southern States, and thus establish negro communities in which black men shall hold all the local offices and do all the local governing. Such counties might prove a grateful refuge for negroes who are tired of living in close contact with white men, but as yet such settlements do not exist. The cure for any Northern white man who is scandalized by the treatment negroes receive in the South seems to be for him to go South to live. The cure for negroes who find the conditions of existence in the South too irksome seems to be to come North to work.



THE D. C. on that white flag which floats so conspicuously from a brownstone building on Fifth Avenue, stood, before election, for Democratic Club; but since election the intimation has found acceptance that what those dark blue letters mean is D—n Croker. It is power or nothing with Croker. When he ceases to be king he will go, and when he goes it will be with a grand burst of enthusiasm among his erstwhile subjects. The faithful who have fawned upon him and held his coat, and carried his bag, and basked in the golden glow of his toleration, are sure to make an example of him when his time comes. The true reason why Actaeon's hounds ate him was that he didn't bring down his deer. There was nothing in it for the hounds, so, *exit* Actaeon. Bales of money, they tell us, were carried out of the Democratic Club to pay election bets, and there is plenty of point to the suggestion that the club should adopt as its emblem the trademark of Mr. Platt's express company—a pair of wings flying away with a strong box. For the moment, the hearts of Croker's trustful retainers are heavy, and their pockets light. The king himself, we are told, has undergone a slight operation to ease his breathing, and gone away for rest, baths, and meditation. But he is still king in New York, and master of resources suf-

ficient to pay his losses and comfort his disconsolate adherents.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT is talking freely, and though he seems to be speaking his mind, his sentiments are not such as excite apprehension. In his speech at the Republican Club dinner on November 12th, he talked about our duties towards the Spanish islands. His position was that we should not let any of the islands "go back to the tyranny of Spain, or sink into savage anarchy." He believed in recognizing our responsibilities, and in facing the situation instead of dodging it, but as for the ultimate disposition of the islands, he declared that for his part he would be glad to see the islanders manage their own governments as they should be managed, and he trusted that "in a reasonable time—and the sooner the better—they may be able to do so." Folks who find in these opinions the thin edge of a wedge of expansion and colonization should suggest some practicable alternative to them. Mr. George Boutwell's suggestion, that we drop all the islands and run, does not seem either practicable or agreeable to public sentiment. We won't drop the islands till we can do so decently, but we don't want to hold them a day longer than our moral obligations compel.



IT was good to read also what the Governor-elect had to say at the dinner given to General Miles, about the regular army. "I wish," he cried, "that you could realize the bravery, devotion and endurance of pain and peril of the American regular officer and of the American regular soldier." Then he went on to tell them about the regulars at Santiago in words that were particularly grateful to those of his admirers who have considered, with regret, that the immense renown of his own valor in that campaign had unduly overshadowed the glory of men whose achievements, though no more gallant than his, were, from a military standpoint, much more important.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.



WHAT though the feast be spread, and we are bid,
By hospitality that knows no stint,
To let the palate coin itself a purse
Of pleasure from this never-failing mint;
What though our eye artistic 's charmed as well
By shining glass and napery so white,
When well we know—ah, sad it is to tell!—
That Indigestion waits on Appetite.

Wood Levette Wilson.

"I NEVER realized the complete baseness of human nature," remarked the ex-forgoer, "till I found myself raising my own cheque."



"IF YER PLEASE, 'UM, DAT YOUNG LADY IS ME AFFIANCED BRIDE, AND IF IT'S DE SAME TER YOUSE, I'LL TAKE DAT LICKIN' PER HER."

One Way Out of a Dilemma.

"AND you had to dismiss the unfortunate girl, I suppose, without a character?"

"I thought I would have to. I didn't dare to keep her in this house, where everyone guzzles so that there always seems to be a puddle of whiskey about somewhere. But just in time I heard

there was a maid wanted at Mrs. Gilfooly's, and Eliza being such a useful girl, except for this habit of drink, I recommended her at once. You know Mrs. Gilfooly was always strict temperance, and now her son Willie is just home from the gold cure. I think she'll be safe from temptation for awhile, poor girl."



He: MY DEAR, I HAVE JUST WRITTEN A LITTLE MASTERPIECE. I CALL IT—AH—"HOW TO BE MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD." WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HEAR IT? "NO, SAMUEL. I'M GOING OFF FOR A DAY'S GOLF. YOU STAY WITH THE TWINS UNTIL I RETURN."

Another War Horror.

THE detective entered the restaurant. He went up to the manly soldier who was eating rosy roast beef for the first time since April.

"You are Lieutenant Transport?" he asked.

"I am," said the soldier.

"You passed through this city on your way south?"

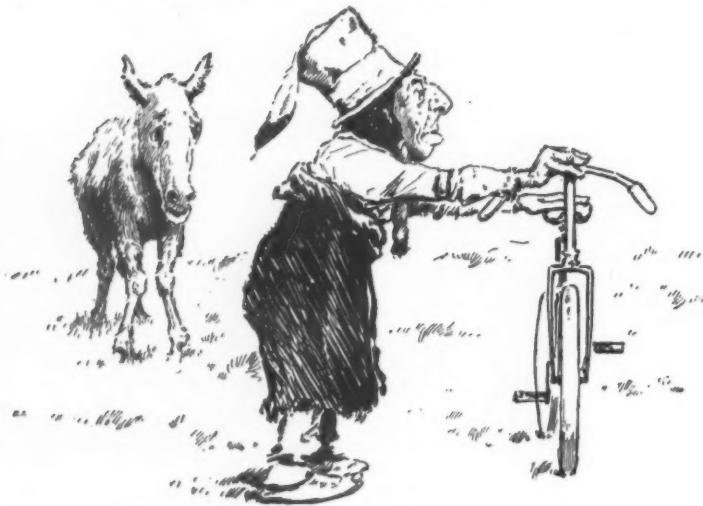
"I did."

"You threw from your window a piece of hardtack, with your name and address upon it, hoping the girl who smiled at you would get it?"

"Yes. Well, what about it?"

"Well," went on the detective, producing a warrant, "you missed your aim and struck the half-back of the Yalvard football team, breaking his collar-bone and fracturing seven ribs. He wants ten thousand dollars damages."

THE BUCKING BIKE; OR, THE BRONCO'S TRIUMPH.



The Willing Whitewashers.

THE second session of the Willing Whitewashers of Washington opened auspiciously. General Garman said that perhaps his hasty method of punching a confrère's head was somewhat unconventional and out of the regular order; but it pained him to hear even indirect reflections upon his grand old comrade of '72, whom he had followed through sleet and snow in the hottest Michigan campaign on record. Then the razors were put away, nice new brushes were brought out, and whitewashing was resumed.

CORPORAL JONES of the 141st Oklahoma Cavalry was called and advised to speak freely, as nothing he said would be published. Jones said he was at Camp Alger, where he had had little to eat. He contracted measles, malaria, and an impediment in his feet. The camp was bad, and he had bad wet feet all the time.

Dr. Gunner of the W. W. of W. interrupted him, and asked sternly: "Wet feet, indeed! Why didn't you change them and dry them, sir?"

"I had only one set of feet and needed them."

"Don't you know enough to keep out of the rain?"

"No, sir; didn't even know enough to keep out of the army."

"How did you get over the measles and malaria?"

"Gave the measles to an Ohio man, and consulted a horse specialist for malaria."

"Explain what you insinuate by horse specialist."

"As a matter of economy, the cavalry had only one doctor, and as horses cost more than soldiers, we had veterinaries instead of the regular assassins. The regular of our camp said I was malingering, so I went to the vet. He hitched me up to the picket line with the mules, gave me Opdyke's No. 1 colic cure, knocked out the malaria and spavined my legs."

"Were you ever arrested for horse-stealing or manslaughter?"

"Say! Am I on trial or is Alger? Say!"

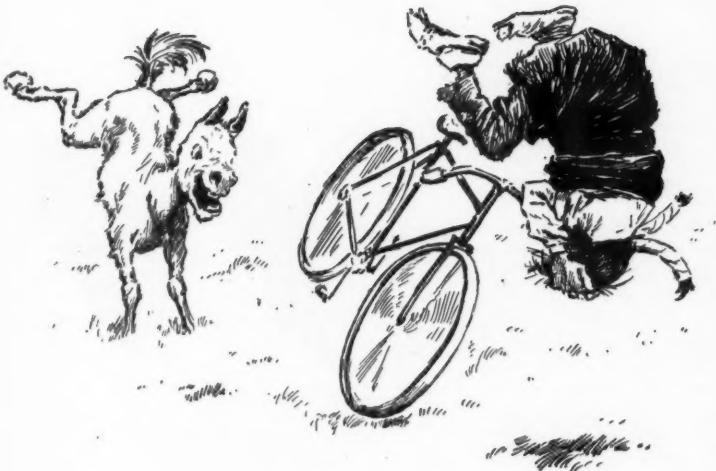
"I thought as much. You may go. No wonder the stainless reputations of statesmen and heroes are besmirched when the criminal classes are allowed into the army."

Corporal Jones left and fled to Oklahoma. General Garman punched Dr. Gunner in the ribs, with the remark, "Doc, you're a corker!"



CAPTAIN T. FORE GOLFLINK, Assistant Adjutant-General, took the stand. He admitted that he was a nephew of Mrs. Senator Wawhoop of Tennessee, and had had a long military training in the Lafayette Guards of Nashville. His experience as a society reporter had been very valuable in his department. He was in camp at Fernandina. It was a lovely, salubrious spot, with water as good as Apollinaris. While there were mosquitoes and flies, every soldier had his own marquee draped with netting. Colored help waited on the troops; graduates of cooking schools supervised the messes, and hot and cold water were on tap everywhere. The food furnished the troops was the ordinary sort served





by Delmonico and Sherry. We had only a few cases of gastritis. The doctors objected to the food, claiming it made our heroes lethargic; but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances. It should be remembered that we were at war. Electric fans were installed in the tents, but, owing to defects in the machinery, irregular currents caused some suffering. The medical staff were kind, courteous and unobtrusive; the undertakers perfect gentlemen. Yes, indeed! I have been recommended for promotion for meritorious attention to the Secretary of War.



MAJOR GUY MAYNE, Assistant Inspector-General, testified that he was a cousin of Congressman Lungley's wife's sister's second husband. In civil life he lived with his wife's relations and worked them. Once kept a quick lunch café in Newark. Was at Camp Montauk when the troops returned from Cuba; they looked thin and languid, but had good appetites. The camp was ideal before the troops came and the Red Cross Society and

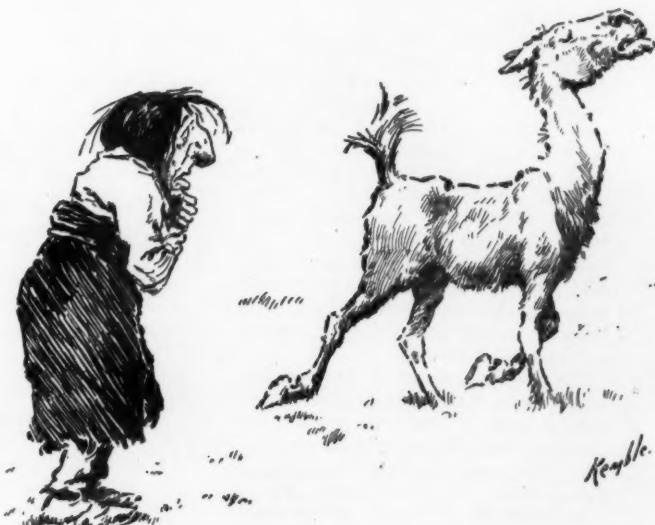
D. A. R. began to meddle in war matters. In spite of these drawbacks, our military system was so perfect we kept the death rate down to 465 in the 1,000. I recall with amazement that General Shafter didn't die all the time he was there. Medical science is helpless in the presence of feminine interference. The silk pajamas furnished the troops proved fatal after the Cuban climate. I am convinced that they were made from the silk of worms that had never been sterilized, and the fatal phyloxera got its work in. Then, again, the effects of the illustrated dailies smuggled into camp cannot be exaggerated, when we know the men were already shattered by canned corn beef and Ohio champagne, not very see. The troops marched from wharf to camp, a matter of a few miles. The ladies were using the ambulances, and we wished the boys to get fresh air, in order to utilize our fresh-air fund. I agree with General Wheeler; everything at Montauk was lovely. I am not a politician; I expect to be transferred to the permanent establishment, if my pull is not disconnected.



At this point, Colonel Howler of the W. W. of W. suggested that General Miles be called in, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. General Garman wanted to know whether this was a whitewashing concern or an unpatriotic body organized to assault and batter the great Algerian. Miles, he understood, was part of a league aiming to do things, and he did not propose to be dictated to by incipient Caesars. If they were to be ridden over roughshod by militarism, well and good. Call in Shafter, a rugged old hero; but spare them from a military dude, who never attended a G. A. R. convention.

The Whitewashers went into executive session to consider this grave matter, after which they adjourned.

Joseph Smith.



A Hero's Death.

A n incautious young Royal Marine
Had a passion for strong Paris green,
Till a slight overdose
Brought his life to a close,
And he died shouting, "God save the
Queen!"



Kipling's Own Idea of Heroes.

I n this column, recently, LIFE commented upon Rudyard Kipling's liking for "the man who does things," as shown in the heroes of his short stories. He is almost the first among writers of fiction to glorify that which is the greater part of the life of a man who amounts to anything—the daily task which fills most of his waking hours. The rich and idle and the poor and idle have had the hero-business to themselves long enough—sharing it only with young and immature lovers who seldom have knowledge enough of actuality to know their own minds.

This attitude of Kipling towards the real hero is vividly confirmed in a recent interview, copied in the *Sun*. The interviewer says:

I was demurring to his wholesale expressions in favor of young fellows going abroad into half savage regions. I said :

"Surely it's something that they'll part altogether from literature. They won't read."

"Well," said he, "that wouldn't matter much; but they won't altogether give up reading."

"They'll read your books," I said, "but the very things of yours that I and people of good feeling at home like best they will like worst."

"Oh," said he, "I daresay they'll like the brassiest."

That is a very frank expression of a great writer in favor of a young man doing things rather than studying the philosophy of them. It is the outercropping of that deep-seated discontent, which seems to come to most men of imagination, with the mere exercise of their gift. When you really see to the bottom of how things are done, you want to take a hand in the doing of them yourself. Carlyle at forty growled about it continually; Macaulay went into Parliament, and Thackeray tried to, in order to find an outlet for their executive faculties. John Morley cut short his literary career to become a man of action, and Disraeli turned from writing novels to become a Prime Minister.

It is, therefore, natural to find that Kipling's present idol is Cecil Rhodes. "What did he think of him?" asked the interviewer. "The greatest of living men!"

Wasn't it a rather sordid sort of greatness, all having to do with the making of money? Sordid? A man worth millions who didn't spend more than

six hundred pounds a year on himself! He knows the power of money. He knows—or knows not—what his millions may some day have to do in the making of his empire. But as to caring for money—he's the last man in the world . . . Has Mr. Rhodes, in a public sense, any morals? "Tut!" says the other great man, "he's making an empire." What did I mean by morals? "Morals, forsooth." Well, high ideals. "The best ideal is to spread civilization and make an empire in doing it."

Mr. Kipling ought to make the acquaintance of Governor Roosevelt. He has had a tolerably busy year of it so far in 1898, and his trouble has just begun!

STILL, there is a goodly number of young men who continue to find considerable amusement and profit in writing verses. If you can't build empires or run ocean steamers, you may manage to get some fun out of the poetry business. There is Oliver Herford, who has entertained himself hugely, and incidentally added to the pleasure of his fellow-men by writing and illustrating the poems which he has gathered in the book called "The Bashful Earthquake" (Scribner). To really have convolutions that spontaneously fluoresce into wit is a happy possession. Mr. Herford must be pretty good company for himself. His verses have the touch that makes Calverley's "Fly Leaves" and Stephen's "Lapsus Calami" so perennially amusing. It can't be imitated or ground out by much labor. It is the product of a specially constructed brain-cell—and there aren't many of them.

Bliss Carman has also found much pleasure in verse-making. His latest volume, "By the Aurelian Wall" (Lamson, Wolff & Co.), is, however, a sad kind of pleasure, for it is mostly elegies. Some of the sub-

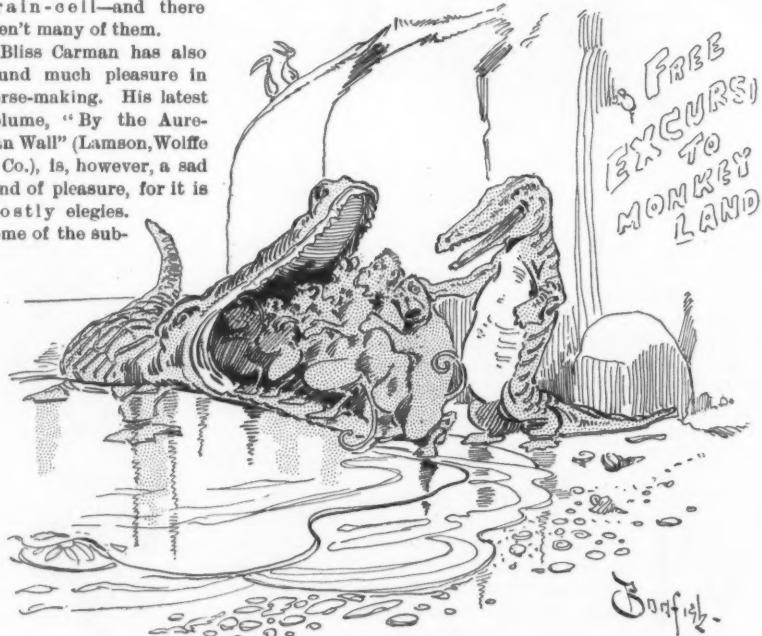


"WHY DIDN'T YER LET ME CAPITULATE, DARN YER."

jeets have been dead a long while—Keats, Shelley and Lovelace—and the grief is not poignant. Others, like Stevenson, Phillips Brooks and Henry George, have so recently died that the elegies have the touch of personal grief.

This volume is worthy of serious consideration, for the author has taken his art seriously. He has written many lines here of unusual beauty of rhythm, and he has clothed in dignified and often stately verse thoughts that are serene, elevated, and even noble.

Droch.



"STEP LIVELY, NOW! PLENTY OF ROOM IN FRONT."



Maude Adams.

O H, how it cheers the jaded heart,
At times upon the boards to find
A charming maid whose charming art
Helps common folks to keep in mind
What playwrights tempt them to forget—
That life is not all rotten yet!



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THE EDUCATION C

XII.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, IN THE

LIFE ·



THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XII.

THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.
THE EDUCATION OF OPINION, IN THE FAMILY, REGARDING THE COURIER.



A Clever Opera and a Stupid One.

M R. JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS'S highest ideal of light opera humor has been that which he could express most vigorously with the muscles of his arms and legs. That ideal is still manifest in his impersonation of *Henri, Count de Beaupret*, in "The Jolly Musketeer," at the Broadway. It is not so pronounced, however, as in some of his earlier efforts, and, if Mr. De Angelis remains on the stage forty or fifty years longer, he may realize that banging a fellow-comedian on the back, or whacking him in the chest, is not the sublimest form of comedy. In his dancing, more of grace and less of vigor would also be an improvement. But it is not to be denied that at times he is genuinely funny. Were the effort to make him a star less evident his reputation would not suffer, and the performance as a whole would be improved.

The company is an excellent one, and does its work with a heartiness truly refreshing. There are some good voices, especially those of Miss Waltzinger and Mr. Wheeler, and the chorus is perfectly competent. Miss Maud Hollins, who has the leading female rôle, adds an agreeable voice to a pleasant personality.

The music of "The Jolly Musketeer" is surprisingly above the average. The climaxes are well worked up, and the concerted numbers are handled in a fashion which does credit to the composer, Mr. Julian Edwards. The solos assigned to Miss Waltzinger and Mr. Wheeler show originality, and the dance music throughout is delightful.

The bad example of some of his predecessors has been followed by the librettist, but, outside of his borrowing from LIFE without credit (and the insertion of an occasional antiquity), the lines are clever and mirth-provoking. The plot is admirably suited to the purposes of comic opera.

"The Jolly Musketeer" is handsomely staged, and, taken altogether, is well worth seeing and hearing.

ON the other side of Broadway, at the Casino, is to be found "The Dangerous Maid." She will not be found dangerous—only stupid. She will not be found at all, except by persons who make terms with the extortionate speculators whom the proprietors of the Casino permit to sell tickets at their doors.

The piece deals with the lives led by the emancipated ladies of Vienna, and culminates in an attempted reproduction of the much copied painting of the duel with foils between two women. It resembled more closely a corset advertisement, and thoroughly dampened the curiosity of the first-night audience which came to see something sensational.

On a thread of attempted seriousness is strung the display of glittering scenery and Tenderloin beauty and symmetry one always expects to find at the Casino. These are in "A Dangerous Maid" in profusion, but it lacks entirely the fun and melody which have made the Casino successes. Even Mr. Sam Bernard, who at Weber and Fields' Music Hall was most amusing, becomes here only a dull buffoon. Mr. Richard F. Carroll, whom some people have elsewhere considered a comedian, is only tiresome. As to Mr. William Norris, who personated the hackneyed idea of the unexpectedly and often appearing bore, he should be promptly returned to his cage. With the three alleged comedians gone wrong, the responsibility rested on the music. So far as originality and tunefulness went, New York would lose nothing if the vocal and instrumental score were at once packed up and shipped back to its native Vienna.

It cost several thousand dollars to produce "A Dangerous Maid." And there are people in this great city without bread!

* * *

WHAT is the matter with New York's Fire Commissioners? LIFE has spoken of the flagrant violation of the fire ordinances at Weber and Fields' Music Hall. At the Casino on the opening night of "A Dangerous Maid" there were certainly not fewer than twelve hundred persons. If there had been a fire—if there had been only an alarm of fire—not half of them could have escaped alive. In ordinary circumstances, the Casino's crooked staircases and inadequate means of egress would certainly mean a horrible death to many people in case of a panic, but on this occasion spectators were permitted to crowd into the aisles, and even the slight possibility of reaching an exit was destroyed.

The Fire Commissioners should wake up.

Metcalfe.



"DO YER TINK HE'S REAL INJY RUBBER?"

"NAW! BUT IF I HAD A BIT O' HIM TO CHEW ON, I COULD TELL IN A MINNIT."



"DO LET ME HAVE THE LOUNGE, MY SON; MY DISCOURSE WAS UNUSUALLY LONG,
AND I AM VERY TIRED."
"BUT, DAD, I LISTENED TO IT."

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, Congressman-elect from the Fourteenth District, is the most emancipated man in New York. In spite of invitations, urgent and repeated, to declare his sentiments about free silver before election, he kept them inviolate. He is a man without prejudices, and possibly without views. Running as a Democrat in a strong Republican district, he carried that district by a large majority without divulging his opinion in what most of his constituents consider the most important question with which Congress is likely to deal. As far as he is concerned,

the old superstition that we are entitled to know our representatives' views on important political questions is fully dispersed. Mr. Chanler can vote for any sort of money he likes without violating anyone's confidence or incurring anybody's just wrath.

"**B**UT can't you learn to love me?" persisted the wrong man.

She shook her head gently.

"I've learned a good many difficult things," she replied, "but they have always been things that I wanted to learn."

The Game of Love.

SHE looked on him with smile be- []
Her rosy blush be- [] -s

Some []-der dreams of love divine,

As he with ardor says:

"I am, sweet maid, your willing slave,

Pray, listen now, my []

Don't flout me for a stupid []

It could not be []-seen.

[] times I've been within an []

Of asking you to be

My wife; for since I saw your face
Love's played the [] with me.

For weeks I hardly slept or []
And I'll confess, by heavens!

My mind was simply in a state

Of []-es and of []-s."

And so his Queen made him her []
And he, upon his part,

Presented her a [] ring

For giving him her []

Good-by to []-s and all such things,

He follies now discards,

And ho! for joys that marriage brings.

Their wedding's on the []

George Totten Smith.



"A GLOBE TROTTER."



THE PHILOSOPHER.

"WHAT'S THE USE O' BEIN' RICH? YER CAN ONLY DRINK AND SMOKE JEST SO MUCH, AND ONLY DO JEST SO MUCH, ANYWAY. BUT IF YER COULD BE FOUR OR FIVE FELLERS AT ONCE, WHY, THERE'D BE SOME FUN IN BEIN' RICH, AND I'D WORK FUR IT."

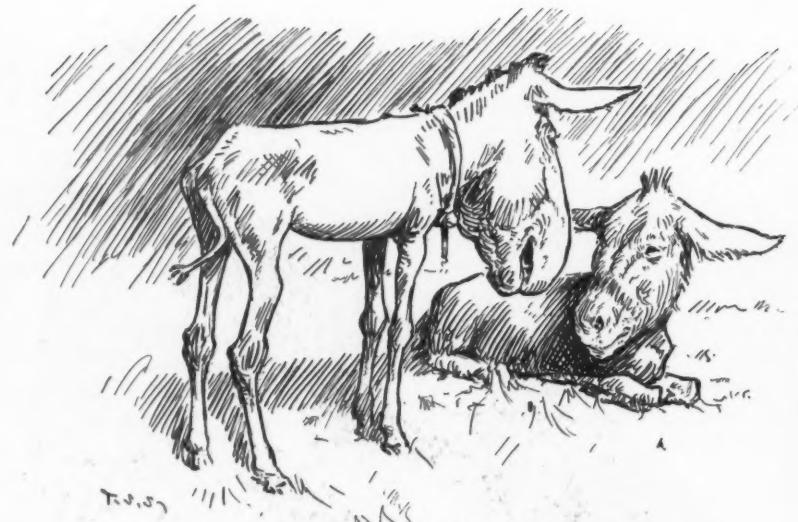
A Sudden Change.

RICHMOND: How did you catch such a severe cold?

BRONXBOURGH: Our janitor got drunk and allowed the temperature to rise to fifty-four degrees. The sudden change was too much for me.



NOT MUCH SHOW FOR MAUD MULLER THESE DAYS.



OVERHEARD IN THE PASTURE.

The Old Army Mule: SAY, JACK, GIVE ME A QUARTER; I WISH TO PURCHASE SOME PENS, INK AND PAPER. I FIND I'M ABOUT THE ONLY VETERAN WHO HASN'T WRITTEN A WAR ARTICLE, AND I'M GOING TO COMMENCE.

"BUT WHAT BENEFIT DO I DERIVE FROM THIS?"

"OH, YOU'LL BE THE ONLY ONE THAT READS IT."

Filtered Information.

"DID he say anything about me?"
"He?—well, yes, he did mention you."

"What'd he say?"
"He spoke of your having been there."
"How'd he know it?"
"Oh, he knew."
"Oh, come! What'd he say?"

"Shall I really tell you, Rob?"

"Go on; do go on!"

"Oh, my! Well, dear Rob, he came in just after you went out, and there was a cigar stump on the table and cigar ashes on the floor, and he said, 'Great Heavens, Louisa, has that young creature been here again? My, he'd smoke in church! It seems to be the rule with all these modern boys to smoke wherever there's no sign up. Why don't you teach him manners?'"

"Was that all?"

"Almost all, dear; but he did say that if you succeeded in life you'd grow up to be one of those fat little men who ride down Fifth Avenue in victorias, with their wives, and smoking cigars."

"And what did you tell him, Louisa?"

"I didn't tell him, dear. He did the talking."

Their Path in Life.

"WOMEN," he said, "are so quick-witted, And take such forward views, Will they eventually be fitted For walking in our shoes?"

"The question really makes me dizzy."

A friend his musing checks—

"Well, yes—they might, if they were not busy
Walking on our necks."

Madeline S. Bridges.



GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.

GLIMPSE IV.

DESTRUCTION OF THE *World* BUILDING AND ANNIHILATION OF THAT NEWSPAPER IN 1901.

LIFE



FATHER USED TO MAKE.

Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife,
'If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make.'
And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps, you might make money
Such as father used to make."
—*The Schoharie Republican.*

A CERTAIN Mr. Swadleigh, who has a phenomenally large neck, had occasion to change his laundryman. On the Sunday morning following it was noticed that he was an unusually long time making his toilet. He called his wife, and she went upstairs.

"Maria," said he, "I wish you would see what is the matter with this shirt. The sleeves are all wrong, and I can't find any holes for the collar buttons."

Mrs. Swadleigh gave one look at it, and went into a paroxysm of laughter. "George," she replied, faintly, "you are trying to put that shirt on wrong side up! The laundryman starched the wrong end of it!" —*Wave.*

ONE of the most remarkable features of life in New South Wales is the transformation of criminals into hard working citizens. Of the thirty thousand settlers there in 1821, twenty

thousand were or had been convicts. It is said that on board an American liner a boastful Australian asserted loudly and over and over again that "the men who settled Australia were a remarkably sensible lot."

"Yes," said an American quietly, "I have always understood that they were sent out by the very best judges."

—*Youth's Companion.*

The War Department investigation commission should not overlook the fact that Richard Harding Davis, some time ago, charged openly—in the public prints, in fact, and over his own signature—that for days, while the army was in front of Santiago, the men did not have the opportunity to take a bath. Now the country wishes to know why bathtubs and crash towels were not taken along.

—*Savannah News.*

"Ma, Mr. Boxer was speakin' about pa's gettin' a medal for the way he fought at Santiago, an' he said pa wasn't a natural-born fighter."

"What else did he say?"

"He said pa acquired it all since he was married."

"Well, you just run right over to Mr. Boxer's, and tell him I want to see him as quick as he can get here."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

TEACHER: And now, can any little boy or girl tell me the name of the man who cried because he had no more worlds to conquer?

No response.

TEACHER: Can't any little boy or girl remember? Try and think. It begins with A.

SHRIK VOICE (from back of room): I know! It's Alger!

—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

R. F. FENNO AND COMPANY: NEW YORK.

The Casino Girl in London. By Herself. Edited by Curtis Dunham.

John Jasper's Secret. Sequel to Charles Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood." By Charles Dickens, Jr. and Wilkie Collins.

Father and Son. By Arthur Paterson.

Armageddon. By Stanley Waterloo. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally and Company.

The Bibliotaph, and Other People. By Leon H. Vincent. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

An A B C of Golf. By D. W. C. Falls. New York: The Blanchard Press.

"I HEAR you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocer to a small boy the other day.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play mbs' with him, an' baseball, an' tag, an' all those things when he got bigger."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute, then he said, rather sorrowfully: "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days." —*Chicago Tribune.*

LITTLE GEORGIE: Do your folks ever have family prayers before breakfast?

LITTLE ALBERT: No; we have prayers before we go to bed. We ain't afraid in the daytime. —*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

SHE: I suppose you could see deception written on her face?

HE: No, but I could see it painted there. —*Wasp.*

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano,
37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.



Everyone with a pair
will see
that the GODIVA
is the best Solid Back Hair Brush.
ROBERT LOW'S SON, Maker.



WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

The Purest Type of the Purest Whiskey

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

DALY'S

Every Evening at 8:10.
A RUNAWAY GIRL.
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday at 2

LIFE'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER,
ready December 1, will contain a
charming and novel cartoon by
C. D. GIBSON.

LIFE is now holding an Exhibition and Sale of some of its Original Drawings at the Galleries of Wm. CLAUSEN, 381 Fifth Avenue, between 35th and 36th Streets.



Three of a Kind

beat two pairs,
but one pair of

Endwell Braces

beats two pairs of any other make.
It's in the "graduated" cord ends—
Elastic in places for comfort;
Non-elastic in places for durability.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell,"
or send 50c. for a sample pair postpaid.
Cheaper model, the "C.-S.-C.," for 2c.
Scarf fastener free, for your furnisher's
name if he does not keep "Endwell Braces."

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saves the teeth

Sample Phial FREE if you mention this Program and
Send three Cents for postage. ADDRESS P.O. Box 247 N.Y.CITY.
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MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N.Y., U.S. AGENTS.

CLUB MEN ON A TRAIN.

Several members of a New York Club, describing a recent trip to Chicago on one of the New York Central's twenty-four hour trains, expressed the opinion that this service furnished all the accommodations of a first-class club, with the added advantage of the finest landscapes in the country, and an opportunity for the practical study of history and geography that is unsurpassed.

The New York Central has issued a booklet descriptive of "The Lake Shore Limited," which also contains an epitome of what may be seen from the Observation Car as the train progresses on its daily run between New York and Chicago. Send for copy to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI, WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO
SERVE IN PERFECT
CONDITION, POUR
OVER CRACKED ICE,
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR
AND STRAIN OFF.

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN.
AND 20 PICCADILLY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

LIFE'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER, ready
December 1, will contain an amusing
Poem by CHARLES HOYT, author of "A
Trip to Chinatown," "A Midnight Bell," etc.



What Is It? Why, the most delicious and exquisite Natural Champagne

Fermented in the bottle. Excels in health-giving properties. Ask your dealer for it, or address

The New Hammondsport Wine Co.
Hammondsport, N.Y.

To more thoroughly introduce our productions, we will deliver at any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains having an express office, one assorted case containing twelve bottles as follows: One pint each of Golden Age, Beef Iron and Wine, and Cognac Process Brandy, and nine quart bottles of assorted Still Wines, making 1 doz. varieties, on receipt of address accompanied with \$6.00.



Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

Restores color to faded or gray hair.
Makes hair grow; stops falling of the hair.
Cures dandruff; prevents baldness.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 to
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BEST IN THE WORLD.



I have used your delightful face powder and consider it the best in the world. All fastidious ladies should use it.

Madeline Bouthin

What makes Pozzoni's Face Powder BEST. Purest ingredients, finest Perfume, packed in a wood box to preserve it. No jar or vial. Mention this paper. Get in sample. J. A. POZZONI St. Louis, Mo.

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The newest condiment, unique and original. Nutritious and delicious. Made of queen olives, rare herbs, spices and an appetizing sauce.

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FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N.Y.



POINTS ABOUT TELEPHONE SERVICE.

Telephone subscribers in New York have the use of the best equipped telephone system in the world. Every station has a long distance telephone set and is connected to the Central Office by a direct metallic circuit underground line. The rates vary with the amount of use. In private residences and stables the use of the service is not great, and consequently the cost is small, but the convenience is immeasurable. The telephone service puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends, day and night.

TO SUCCEED.

Early to bed, early to rise,
Never get tight, and—advertise.

—National Advertiser.

ELLA: Where does Bella get her good looks from—her father or her mother?

STELLA: From her father. He keeps a drug-store.

—Household Words.

SPONTANEOUS eloquence is oftener talked of than heard. A well-known correspondent was sitting next Colonel Hay, who had been Lincoln's Secretary, at a public dinner in New York. A prominent politician was making a speech, and said: "In genuine eloquence the words come hot from the heart. No nobler speech was ever uttered in America than Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and I am assured it was wholly spontaneous. He had not given it a thought before he rose to speak."

"While he was delivering it," said Colonel Hay to me aside, "I had the fifth copy of it in my pocket."—Wave.

BEST BECAUSE NATURAL.

The market is flooded with so-called baby foods. Experience demonstrates that scientifically prepared cow's milk is the best when the natural supply fails. Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food.

AT a dinner party, not long ago, a certain young gentleman (and enthusiastic golfer) started in with the shifflish to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the pudding was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking; indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the entire progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject—indeed, but still possible. "I am afraid I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said, in half apology.

"Oh, no; not at all," was the polite response. "Only, what is golf?"—The Independent.

MOVED by temporary insanity, he seized the young woman and kissed her.

"That's not right," she said.

"I am sorry," said he. "I was doing the best I knew how. Would you mind instructing me as to the proper way?"—Indianapolis Journal.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Accessible location, excellent table, prompt service.

THE FOREIGNER: So a woman can travel alone all over this country, can she?

THE NATIVE: Yes. All she has to do is to put on a bicycle suit of sufficient insufficiency, and there will be plenty of men to look after her.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LIFE reproduces two cartoons from an Italian paper, showing that Europe views Uncle Sam and the Turk as a pair of oppressors of weaker nations. LIFE's own cartoons and paragraphs on government mis-management are as severe as could be desired, and leave no doubt as to the ability of a sane American to see the mote in his own—or his country's eye.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

LAWN-TENNIS GOSSIP.

Maud and Nelly, Jack and Charley, propose to get up a lawn-tennis party; no sooner said than done; Jack and Nelly on one side, and Maud and Charley on the other. The play starts with vigor, but Charley's play is rather languishing and he appears to be thinking of something else. "Your turn, Charley!" shouts Jack; but Charley is bent upon one thing only—to get nearer Miss Nelly. "What's the matter with you, Charley? Go on and play!" she exclaims. "I can play no longer," replies the young man; "I feel like as if I was in a fairy garden, where thousands of violets blend their perfume." "Is that all?" replies Nelly, laughing; "why, it is only due to those Flower Sachets from Oriza-Legrand, my dear; just fancy, one of these velvety flowers placed in my wardrobe the other day, impregnated my clothes with its intoxicating odor, and this seems to trouble you, Charley!"

What

Viola Allen

Says:

"I have found your

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

to be wonderfully strength-giving when fatigued from overwork, and gladly acknowledging its great value as a most efficient tonic."



**Johann Hoff's
Malt Extract**

Viola Allen Gives Strength

THE THORNDIKE EUROPEAN PLAN (BOSTON)
OPP. PUBLIC GARDEN. USED BY THE BEST PEOPLE.

Luggage Delivered Free (fr. N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.).

GOOD FOR LITTLE FOLKS
CANDY CATHARTIC
Flower Sachets

and good for their fathers and Mothers. The perfect family Medicine. A pleasant but positive cure for Constipation.

CCC CCC

lazy Liver
Indigestion and Headache.

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ALL DRUGGISTS



The Sultan (pathetically): CLIMBING DOWN? I'M ALWAYS CLIMBING DOWN.—Moonshine.

Arnold
Constable & Co.
Oriental Rugs.

Exclusive designs in rich and soft Colorings for Drawing-Rooms, Reception and Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Halls, etc.

Carpets.

Axminster, Wilton and Brussels Carpets

Of the finest qualities manufactured.

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PHOTOS FROM LIFE. Model-studies for painters and sculptors, really artistic and most beautiful collection. Price List, with 100 miniatures and 2 cabinet-size photos, \$1.00 note or stamps.—S. RECKNAGEL, Nachfolger, Munich, I. Brieftach, Germany.



Europe offers nothing finer, no more desirable contents or handsomer bottle, than is found in

EAGLE LIQUEURS

An American product that excels all foreign makes in true excellence, purity and healthfulness. Connoisseurs admit its superiority. Has no equal in perfect distillation, fruity flavor, deliciousness.

Digestive, Nutritive, Sedative.

The EAGLE BRAND is to be found at the best cafes, clubs and private sideboards, everywhere.

A case of twelve assorted bottles of EAGLE LIQUEURS makes an elegant Christmas Gift. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us for Illustrated Booklet and Prices.

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Complete Price List sent upon request.

The New Pennsylvania Railroad Cab Service
at Washington, D. C.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put into operation in connection with its Sixth Street Station, Washington, D. C., a complete and efficient cab service similar to that in operation at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, and West Twenty-third Street Station, New York. The service is performed by brand new rubber-tired coupés, victorias, and omnibuses at very reasonable rates, and in the same prompt and satisfactory manner that has characterized the service in other cities. The vehicles will be found at the cab stand at the B Street entrance to the Washington Station, and may be engaged by the trip or by the hour.



Golfer: DEAR, DEAR, THERE CANNOT BE WORSE PLAYERS THAN MYSELF.
Caddie: WEEL, MAYBE THEY'RE WORSE PLAYERS, BUT THEY dinna play!

-Fun.

Headache? TRY

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE) The Ideal French Tonic
FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863. Endorsed by Medical Faculty

Immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

This Chair is Covered with
PANTASOTE

A Wonderful Material!

Waterproof, Grease proof, Stain proof.
Looks exactly like leather, costs half as
much, and is better.

Tested for six years by leading railways, steamship
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makers with most gratifying results,
and the U. S. Government has adopted
it for ambulances.

PANTASOTE does not rot, crack or
peel, is not affected by heat, cold or
dampness, has no odor, and is not
inflammable. Made in standard colors
in plain leather grains or embossed
patterns.

Enough for a dining chair seat or foot-
stool sent for 25 cents in stamps.

SAMPLE FREE, 6x15 inches, sent
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CAUTION! There are worthless and dan-
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Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors
are used to sell such
soaps as no one would
touch if he saw them un-
disguised. Beware of a
soap that depends on
something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap
in the world is scented or
not, as you wish; and the
money is in the merchan-
dise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists; all sorts of people are
using it.

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CARPETS, RUGS,
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and WALL PAPERS.

Plans and estimates for furnishing and
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Broadway & 19th St.
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The Old Farmer declared his
applejack was warming and
cooling, healing and soothing.
Such are the well-known effects
of our

Old Crow Rye.

It is the part of prudence to
always have it with you at
your office, at your home, and
in your grip when traveling,
thereby using all the caution
and foresight against accidents,
disease, etc., that is possible.
You can rely upon it and go
your way rejoicing.

Buy only of reliable dealers.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
SOLE BOTTLERS,
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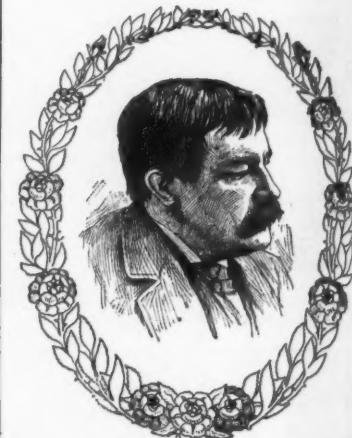
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Not a Medicine—
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MR. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS,
America's most distinguished
man of letters, will contribute a
short humorous story, entitled "The
Watermelon Patch," to the first of
the five December issues of ...

The YOUTH'S COMPANION.

THE remaining four numbers will contain the
Hon. Thomas B. Reed's article on "Con-
gressional Oratory"; the Marquis de Lorme's
account of "How the Queen Spends Christ-
mas"; Mme. Lillian Nordica's suggestive paper
"Incidents in a Singer's Life"; and a sketch of
wanderings in the South of Europe, entitled
"Troublesome Travel in Italy," by L. Zangwill.

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already engaged for the 1896 volume is contained
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